

643.7.6.

4.

S O N G S, &c.

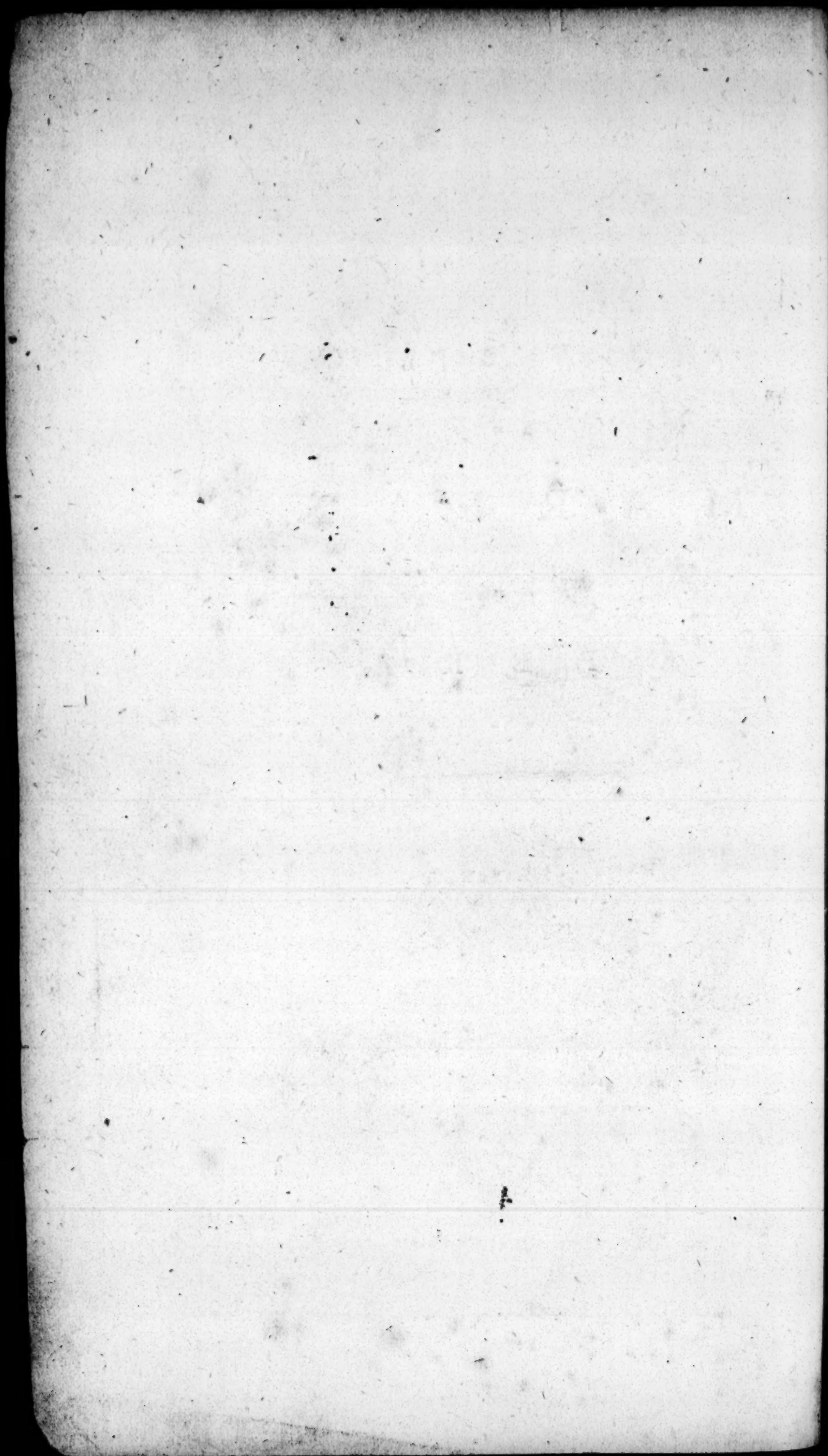
IN

M A R I A N.

AND

O P E R A.

Price, SIX-PENCE.



AIRS, SONGS, DUETTS, TRIOS
AND CHORUSSES,

IN

M A R I A N, K

A

COMIC OPERA.

IN TWO ACTS.

By Francis Brooke.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN.

The Musick by Mr. SHIELD.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand. 1792.

THE
REPUBLICAN
AND
DEMOCRAT

W A S H I N G T O N

COM. C. O. P. R. A.

THE
REPUBLICAN
AND
DEMOCRAT

W A S H I N G T O N

THE
REPUBLICAN
AND
DEMOCRAT

W A S H I N G T O N

THE
REPUBLICAN
AND
DEMOCRAT

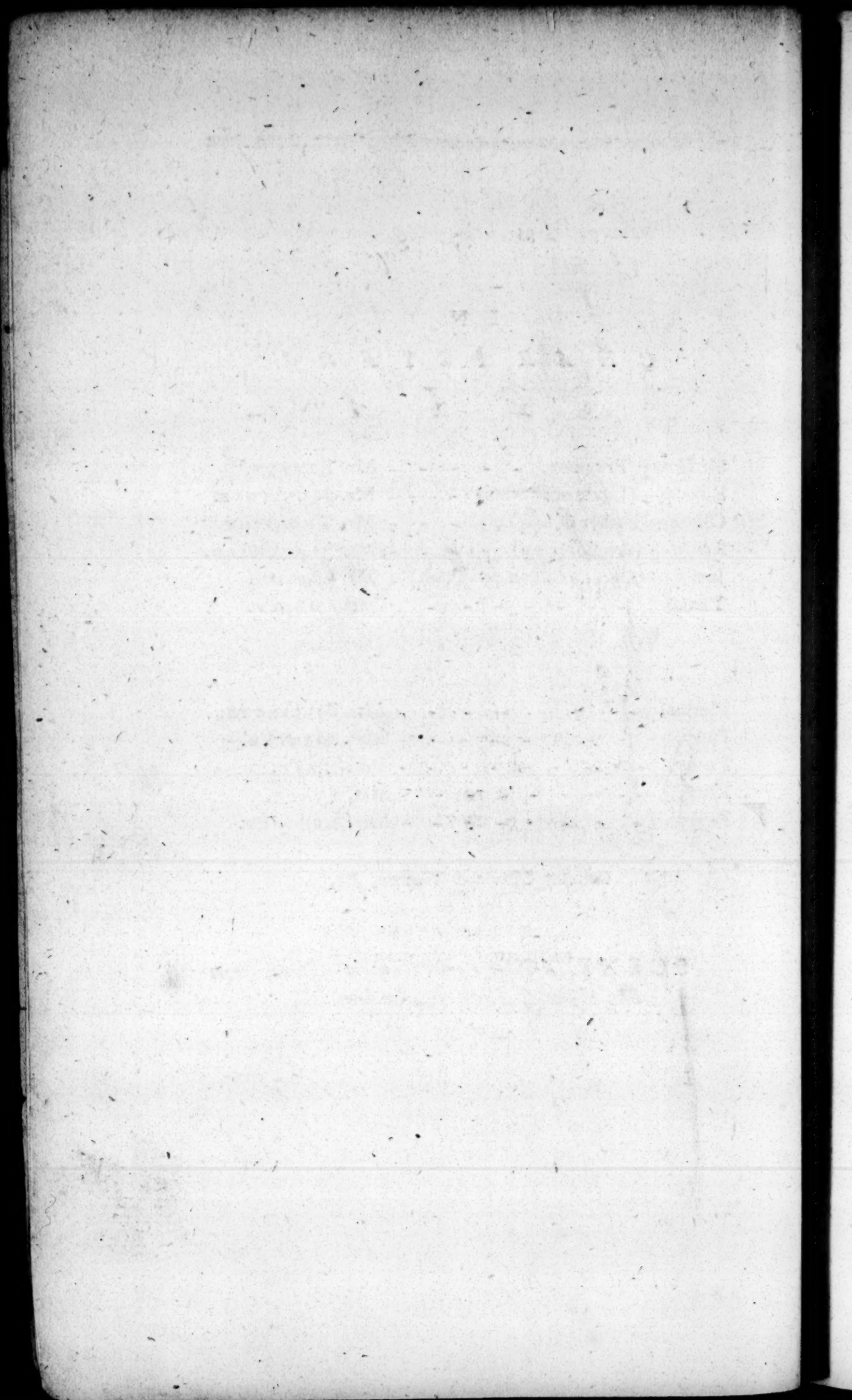
C H A R A C T E R S.

Sir Henry Trueman, - - - - - Mr. BOWDEN.
 Edward—(Lover of Marian) - - - - Mr. JOHNSTONE.
 Oliver—(Father of Marian) - - - - Mr. THOMPSON.
 Robin---(the Boatman) - - - - Mr. BLANCHARD.
 Jamie---(a Scot's ribbon merchant) - Mr. FEARON.
 Thomas, - - - - - Mr. DARLEY.

Marian, - - - - - Mrs. BILLINGTON.
 Patty, - - - - - Mrs. MARTYR.
 Fanny, - - - - - Miss. PAYE.
 Kitty, - - - - - Mrs. BYRNE.
 Peggy, - - - - - Mrs. KENNEDY.

Country Men and Women, &c.

SCENE, *A Village near Lincoln---Time, from
 Sun-rise to Evening, late in May.*



S O N G S, &c.

I N

M A R I A N.

A C T I.

A I R I. *and* C H O R U S.

Thomas. **T**H E Sun gaily peeps o'er the hills,
Sweet airs from the Jessamines blow;
Wake Robin, blithe Robin; here's
three pretty maids
A tapping at your window.

Patty. Tap!

Fanny. Tap!

Kitty. Tap!

All. Here's three pretty maids
A tapping at your window.

A I R

A I R II.—*Patty.*

N O W the wintry storms are o'er,
 Spring unlocks her verdant store,
 Smiling pleasure crowns the day,
 Sweetly breathes the blushing May.

O'er the daisy-painted mead
 Now the wanton lambkins spread,
 Ever playful, ever gay,
 Fond to welcome in the May.

Now responsive thro' the grove,
 Softer tun'd to spring and love,
 Eccho, with her sportive lay,
 Joins our carols to the May.

S O N G III.—*Marian.*

B Y the Ofiers so dank,
 As we sat on the bank,
 And look'd at the swell of the billow;
 This basket he wove
 As a token of love:
 Alas! 'Twas the branch of the willow!

Now fad all the day
 Thro' the meadows I stray,
 And rest flies at night from my pillow!
 The garland I wore
 From my ringlets I tore,
 Alas! must I wear the green willow?

S O N G

SONG IV.---*Sir Henry.*

To the chace, to the chace; on the brow of
the hill

Let the hounds meet the sweet-breathing
morn:

Whilst full to the welkin, their notes clear and
shrill,

Join the sound of the heart-cheering horn:
What musick celestial! when urging the race,
Sweet Echo repeats "To the chace, to the
chace!"

Our pleasure transports us, how gay flies the
hour!

Sweet health and quick spirits attend;
Not sweeter when evening convenes to the
bower,

And we meet the lov'd smile of a friend.
See the stag just before us! He starts at the cry:
He stops---his strength fails---speak my friends---
must he die?

His innocent aspect, whilst standing at bay,
His expression of anguish and pain,
All plead for compassion---your looks seem to
say

Let him bound o'er his forests again.
Quick, release him to dart o'er the neighbouring
plain,
Let him live---let him bound o'er his forests
again.

SONG V.---*Marian.*

TOO happy when Edward was kind,
 My father agreed to our love !
 No cares e'er disorder'd my mind,
 I sung as I travers'd the grove.

Like the Lark's was each note of my song,
 Serene were my chearful days spent ;
 Whilst eve brought my Shepherd along,
 My Shepherd, fond love and content.

SONG VI.---*Edward.*

Who can suspect sweet Marian's faith
 That hears her softly speak ?
 Or doubt the candid blush of truth
 Which mantles on her cheek ?

Those accents never can deceive,
 No guile that bosom knows ;
 Pure as th' untainted breath of morn
 And chaste as falling snows.

Unheeded pass'd the dancing hours
 Which saw our growing flame ;
 The grove, the dell, the fanning breeze,
 The glow of noon the same.

But now no more the dell delights,
 The grove, or fanning breeze ;
 The taste of Nature's genuine charms
 Demands the mind at ease.

DUETT

D U E T---*Edward and Marian.*

Edward. MARIAN scorns each fordid pleasure,
 Joys which fortune can impart:
 Love alone, is real treasure,
 Treasure of the feeling heart.

Marian. All yon fruitful vales possessing,
 Were their flocks thy Marian's
 part,

Only valu'd were the blessing
 Giv'n to Edward with my heart;

Both. Only valu'd were the blessing
 Giv'n to Edward with { thy } heart.
 { my }

S O N G VIII.---*Edward.*

Y E happy pairs, sincere and kind,
 'Tis here you taste each joy refin'd;
 Fair truth and love delight to dwell
 At yonder cottage on the dell.
 How dear sweet Marian's artless sighs!
 Hers, the mild eloquence of eyes,
 When constancy's all-cheering ray
 Drives every jealous thought away,
 Light as the fairy-step at morn,
 Swift passing o'er th' unbending corn;
 All other pleasures weakly move,
 The heart awake to generous love.
 Far hence be doubt and tender fears!
 How blest the life which love endears!
 When truth informs the glowing cheek,
 O, love! thy transports who can speak?

A I R IX.---*Robin.*

W H E N little on the village-green
 We play'd, I learn'd to love her:
 She seem'd to me some Fairy Queen,
 So light tripp'd Patty Clover.

With every simple childish art
 I try'd each day to move her:
 The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart,
 To give to Patty Clover,

The fairest flowers to deck her breast
 I chose---an infant lover;
 I stole the Goldfinch from its nest
 To give to Patty Clover,

A I R X.---*Thomas.*

H O W blest our condition! how jocund our
 day!

Ye swains, can our pleasures be told?
 To range in sweet order the rows of new hay,
 To lead the stray'd lamb to the fold!

To

To fetch up the kine for the maidens we love,
 And guard her from noon's burning beam;
 To guide her dear steps, when she leads thro' the
 grove
 The heifer which pants for the stream.

To carry her pail, when with milk it o'erflows,
 To wait while she rests on the stile;
 To gather the King-cup, the Woodbine or
 Rose,
 To make her a posy the while.

'Tis Fanny, the lovely, who causes my smart,
 'Tis she does all maidens excel;
 If you ask her dear name who has conquer'd my
 heart,
 'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell.
 'Tis Fanny, sweet Fanny,
 'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell.

QUARTETTO XI.---*Sir Henry, Edward,
 Robin, and Thomas.*

Sir Henry. TRUTH exalts the generous soul.
Edward. Seek him in the social bowl.
All. Seek him &c.

Edward. Mirth's the med'cine of the soul.
Sir Henry. Find him in the social bowl.
All. Find him &c.

Robin.

Robin. Carking care consumes the soul,
Thomas. Drown him in the social bowl.
All. Drown him &c.

Robin. Sorrow wears the weary soul.
Thomas. Sink him in the social bowl.
All. Sink him &c.

Seek him
Find him
Drown him
Sink him } in the social bowl.

END OF FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

QUINTETTO XII.---*Patty, Kitty, Fanny,
Thomas and William.*

Y O N Poplars which wave in the gale,
Bid the Swain be as active as day;
Let the Poplars example prevail,
All Nature is blithesome and gay.

Patty, Kitty and Fanny.

How sweet is the song in the vale,
The song which makes vocal the
grove!
Let the Blackbird's example prevail,
Her notes are the language of love!

Patty.

Young William is constant as light,
And Thomas has truth on his brow,
Whilst Robin resembles the blight,
Which mildews the bud on the
bough.

Robin.

False Patty is changeful as air,
Inconstancy sits on her brow,
Whilst Robin still true to the fair,
Leaves its sweets to the bud on the
bough.

Chorus.

Chorus. No longer repine and complain
 Nor fill with your murmurs the grove,
 For pleasure, sweet pleasure, not pain,
 The fond bosom was fashion'd for
 love.

SONG XIII.---*Peggy.*

K E N ye not, my blithsome bairns,
 My love is Scottish Jamie,
 Wha's lucking for a bonny chield
 That's wander'd fra' his mamy !
 Wander'd fra', &c.

O'er hill and dale, thro' bog and mire,
 I gang'd along wi' Jamie,
 In bonnet blue and tartan plaid
 He woo'd me fra' my mamy.
 Woo'd me fra', &c.

Come bring, come bring your filler here,
 For ribbons, garters, glassies :
 Here's Jamie, fresh fra' bra' Dundee,
 Wi gear for *pratty* lassies.
 Gear for *pratty*, &c.

Come buy, come buy my *pratty* maids,
 And bring your filler here !
 Here's Jamie, fresh fra' bra' Dundee,
 Wha' brings you mickle gear.
 Brings you, &c.

SONG

SONG XIV.—*Marian.*

HOW can I forget the found hour—
When Edward first offer'd his heart !
At eve, on the green, in the bower,
I trembled for fear we should part.

You left me, dear Edward, forlorn,
When night sent the shepherds to rest;
I watch'd the first streaks of the morn,
I saw you return, and was blest !

DUETT XV.—*Patty and Robin.*

I HEARD it all behind yon trees;
My Robin only prov'd me :
No more I'll grieve, my heart's at ease,
I'll steal away—he loves me !

C

Robin.

Robin. I WAS to blame to be so wild,
 My Patty only proves me;
 I saw her hide, she look'd and smil'd,
 I fure believe she loves me!

Patty. I'll fetch my pail and milk my kine,
 Since Robin only proves me;
 He still is true, his heart is mine;
 No more I'll grieve---he loves me!

Robin. My Patty is the sweetest lass,
 Her pouting only proves me;
 How gaily all our lives will pass,
 Since Patty truly loves me!

Both. I'll fetch { my } pail and milk { my } kine;
 My { Robin } only proves me:
 How blith our days, I'll ne'er repine,
 Since { Robin } truly loves me!

SONG

SONG XVI.—Peggy.

I CANNO' like ye, gentle fir,
 Altho' a laird ye be;
 I like a bonny Scottish lad
 Wha brought me fra' Dundee.

Haud away ! Haud away !
 Wi' Jamie o'er the lea
 I gang'd along wi' free gude will,
 He's a' the world to me !

I've gang'd wi' Jamie fra' Dundee,
 To cheer the lanesome way :
 His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' health,
 He's frolick as the May.

Haud away ! &c.

The lavrock mounts to hail the morn,
 The Lintwite swells her throat ;
 But neither are sa sweet, sa clear,
 As Jamie's tunefu' note.

Haud away ! &c.

SONG XVII.—*Edward.*

WITH truth on her lips she my infancy form'd
 A stranger to fallhood and art;
 She charg'd me to speak to the maid of my choice
 No language but that of the heart.

I heard her, obey'd, and when Marian's soft voice,
 Mild as love, added wings to the dart;
 Sincere my expression, tho' ardent, I spoke
 No language but that of the heart.

FINALE XVIII.

Sir Henry } STILL from grave to lively changing,
 and } When the poet quits his ease;
Edward. } O'er the wilds of fancy ranging,
 } How his bosom pants to please!
 } Still from grave, &c.

Robin. Tho' our love to one is bounded,
 Love, the smiling child of ease;
 Yet, by pretty maids surrounded,
 How delightful 'tis to please!
 Tho' our love, &c.

Patty.

Patty. Tho' I love my Robin dearly,
 More than holidays or ease,
 Yet when lads will court me cheerly,
 Sure it is no harm to please!
 Tho' I love, &c.

Edward. Fond I mark the swell of pleasure,
 When I see the tender dove
 Flutt'ring round his heart's best treasure,
 Emblem of my constant love.
 Fond I mark, &c.

Marian. Edward's faithful heart, my treasure,
 Dearest object of my love;
 Poor to me all other pleasure,
 Fondly constant as the dove.
 Edward's faithful, &c.

Sir Henry } One ingenuous passion fires us,
 and } Scorning every meaner toil;
Edward. } When ambitious hope inspires us,
 Tis to meet your fav'ring smile.
 One ingenuous, &c.

Marian.

Marian. If there is a joy transcending,
Dear as truth, content, or ease;
When to gain your smile contending,
This bright circle 'tis to please!
If there is, &c.

Chorus. If there is a joy transcending, &c.

THE END.

